# The Infinite Loops - Eyeshield 21

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Part of The Infinite Loops started by Immoreal and Saperoneth, and the Spacebattles forums. Sena Kobayakawa finds himself repeating his life over and over again. What's a runningback to do? Try not to go crazy is a good first step.

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# The Infinite Loops - Eyeshield 21


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# Loops 1

**Hello and good morning, afternoon, evening, and night. Welcome to my little part of Yggdrasil and welcome to the Eyeshield 21 branch of the Infinite Loops! Before we get started here are the Loop mechanics for those whom are not familiar with the Infinite Loops:**

**Loop mechanics (general):**

*** One person in a Loop, often the main character, is an Anchor. They are the person who first starts time looping**

*** There is always at least one Anchor present in a given Time Loop snippet, though it may not be the local one.**

*** The standard pattern for a loop is that the Anchor (and whoever else is Looping there) come to awareness in a loop at a particular point in the story. From there, events will play out as influenced by the Loopers present, acting with the benefit of their foreknowledge, until either a predetermined end point is reached or all the Loopers have copped it.**

*** To be Awake is to be aware of the time loops (that is, to have gone back in time this time.)**

*** The Anchor is the only character guaranteed to be Awake. Even after others have started looping, it is mostly random as to whether they will be Awake this particular loop.**

*** Crossovers, fusions, and alternate pasts can also take place. It is perfectly possible, for example, to have the characters Awaken into a loop which conforms to a fanfic universe rather than reality.**

*** Loops do not have to be in chronological order, but it is strongly preferred that they not require a mutually contradictory**

**order (where A must be before B and B must be before A.)**

*** Just about every Looper is very, very stir crazy.**

**Now, here are the spefiic rule regarding Eyeshiled 21's branch:**

**Eyeshield 21 mechanics**

**...well this is rather awkard. Right now there are none.**

**Other than that, if you like what you see, and want to participate in this or any other loop, hop onto the Google/Bing and look for the following (since Fanficton and links are not really compatible)**

*** TV tropes**

*** Spacebattles forum creative writing (I would go to the Misc. section first)**

**If you want to make a suggestion or write a snip please post it in the Misc. section in the Spacebattles forums.**

**Now that that is settled...lets get started, shall we?**

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Loop 1.1

The moment Sena Kobayakawa joined the football team was the moment he realized his life would change for ever.

At first it was the most horrifying experience he had ever had the displeasure to experience (mostly because of Hiruma, but that's another story)

Imagine Sena's surprise as he realized he was standing in front of his old high school Deimon.

Looking at the entrance exam board.

Confusion set in as Sena looked at the exam board and found his number (21), and was even more confused when Mamori (who Sena was positive had already graduated from Deimon, and himself for that manner) started to jump up and down in excitement.

Sena just let things happen the way he thought was best, and as Mamori left to get an information packet, a very familiar blond quarterback and his chestnut headed friend rushed him, launching him into the air.

Hiruma smiled as he handed Sena a cell phone. "Hey! Call your parents to tell them that you go in!"

Sena was about to do just that, then stopped. He quickly recalled the flood of recruitment posters for the football team. That await him at home the evening he got into Deimon.

Which for some reason he was reliving.

"Wait..." Sena paused dialing his phone number, causing the Devil of Deimon to pause for a split second. "...this is how you find out where I live, isn't it? Riku told me Kurita tried to do the same thing at Enma."

"Enma?"

"Why would I do that?" The sencerity in Hiruma's voice must have been an informed attirbutre, as Sena wasn't buying it for a second.

"To blackmail me? And what are you two doing back here? What am I doing back here? Didn't we graduate?"

Hiruma and Kurita took a good look at each other, then decide to just leave the little freshman alone. "Uh,. Hiruma? Aren't we gonna...?"

"I don't want someone with mental trauma before the game, ya damn fatty."

"Yea, doesn't that come after they play?"

Sena shook his head as he tried to think things through.

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The next day.

Classes where as Sena vaguely remembered them (let face it, who ever actually pays attention in class?), and thankfully it was the end of the day. The field was empty as Sena stared at the opposite end.

Forty yards away was a pair of orange cones.

They beconed to Sena with words they did not speak.

Sena always felt better after a run. With the very confusing day he was having, doing the forty would help him think clearer.

Unbeknownst to him, a certain demonic quarterback had walked out of the hall and saw Sena.

*"What are you doing?"* Hiruma thought. He got his answer as Sena got into position. *"The forty? Hmm...I wonder..."*

A Stopwatch was quickly gripped in his hand. *"Let's see what you can do."*

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At his command, Sena burst forward, his legs caring him towards the goal. The surroundings blurred as he reached the wall of lightspeed...

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The stopwatch beeped, Hiruma ending its job of keeping time. With a smug look, he looked at the kid running out of the school's field to check his time.

Said smug look turned into an equal mix of horror, confusion, and excitement.

*"No way..."*

Sena Kobayakawa had just run forty yards in 4.19 seconds.

*"Maybe we need a little crazy after all.* "

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Loop 1.2

Sena had figured out that for some reason time was resetting over and over and over again, and he was the only one who noticed.

He sat on the bench, garbed as Eyeshield 21 as the rest of the Deimon Devil Bats Temps finished the game against the Cupids.

He needed to spice things up a bit. But how. His eyes wandered, and he saw Shinjiro Shin and Haruto Sakuraba flee from the fangirls.

That gave Sena an idea...

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Sena ran through the halls of Deimon High School at a fast, but not lightspeed fast pace, drawing the attention of all who saw him.

Especially Mamori.

"Sena, **why are you naked!?** "

"Otawara taught me all he knew!"

"Who's Otawara!?"

---

Loop 1. 3

Sena sighed. This was the seventh time he had relieved his life.

The seventh time.

It was starting to get old.

"Sena, you look down." Mamori noted. The two were walking to school, Sena ready for (yet another) first day at Deimon. "Are you worried about something?"

"This is going to sound really weird Mamori, but if I told you I was stuck repeating my life over and over again, what you you say?"

"I would say you need to go see a psychiatrist." Mamori laughed. Sena however did not. "...you really think you're repeating your life over and over again?"

"Guess so…" Sena sighed. "At first I htough it was neat. But now...I'm bored out of my mind. I change a few things like helping the football team win the times we lost, but that doesn't change much."

"Well, maybe you need to...wait are you planning on joining a sports team!?" Mamori was quite shocked at that statement, Sena sweating bullets

[i]"Whoops. Forgot that Mamori was like that before she found out." [/i] "No no, I'm just he manager!"

"Oh good. For a second I thought Hiruma blackmailed you."

Sena repressed a laugh. "So….if you were me…"

"Sena, you know it's impossible to be stuck in what you are saying is a time loop." Mamori replied. "it's just impossible."

'But if you were?"

"Well, if I was stuck in a time loop...I would definitely give those bullies who pick on you a piece of my mind."

The faces of Jumonji, Kuroki, and Togano flashed before Sena's eyes. Sure they were bullies now, but they almost always ended up as Sena's friends. "I was hoping you would say something a little less...confrontational."

"Well, maybe go to a different school?" Mamori suggested. "Something like Ojo maybe? If you were in a time loop you would have plenty of time to study and get in."

At that Sena grinned. *"Or do I?"*

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Loop 1.4

During the next time loop, Sena decided to take Mamori's advice.

Just not in the way she would expect if she knew what happened last time.

Sena shuddered as he approached Zokugaku High School. Which was commonly known as a pit full of delinquents.

*"Let's hope that Habashira isn't that much of a punk."* Sena thought to himself. " *Because I have the feeling this is a bad idea...* "

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"THIS IS AWESOME!" Sen shouted as he rode his motorcycle alongside the rest of the Chameleons, Habashira leading the pack. The police was hot on their tails but Sena didn't mind.

He was happy that he was able to spice things up.

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Loop 1.5

"Uh, Monta?"

"Yea Sena?"

"Your hair is a little...bluer than normal."

Monta looked at his friend strangely. "Sena, blue is my natural hair color."

"Right, I forgot. Silly me."

Sena sighed before making a mental note. " *So, not only is time repeating but sometimes details change without me being the changer. I hope it doesn't do anything too horrible like make Mamori evil or something* ."

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Loop 1.6

Ever since Sena had relived his life fourteen times already, he had begun to notice a few consistencies.

The first is that time was indeed repeating, but only in a certain segment of time repeated. By now, it was painfully clear that the period of time in question started at his first day at Deimon High, and ended about two weeks after his first game at Enma University against the cupids (he never really cared for their actual name. Most of their team members came from the High School Cupids so they might as well be the called the Other Cupids team). Every now and again Sena found up at a time before or after when the loop usually started or ended.

Which lead to the second fact. While time was repeating, there were only a few constants. The path mostly was the same if Sena didn't do anything major to it, but every now and again there were some changes from what Sena remembered it.

They were usually small changes, such as Monta having blue as his natural hair color, Mamori trading her obsession for cream puffs for some other dessert like cheese cake one time, or Togano secretly wanting to write scripts for soap opreas instead of manga.

Like everything else these changes weren't permanent when everything reset, but that didn't stop them from being weird.

But sometimes they weren't small changes.

A large group of people surrounded Ishimaru, chanting his name over and over as they tossed him into the air. This time around, the change was that Ishimaru, usually the most overlooked person at Deimon was now the most noticeable.

Sena oddly found the situation both incredibly hilarious and oddly heartwarming. The universe tended to pick on Ishimaru often.

Sena smiled, knowing that for once Ishimaru wasn't regulated to being the butt of the joke.

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Loop 1.7

**Kid Devil Bat Uprising**

Part 1

Darkness.

Sena saw nothing but darkness as he ran towards something. "Sorry to keep you waiting!" Sena shouted to no one in particular.

*"Huh?"* Was the thought going through his head at this time. " *Why would I say that? What is going on?"*

Then a door opened, revealing a blue sky. Littered with endless clouds. As if some other force directed him, he lept out of the doorway and jumped. "It's been too long Lady Palutena."

Just as Sena was about to scream, he suddenly stopped falling yet was still above the clouds. It took him to realize that he for some reason had wings. " *We can chat latter Pit."* A voice spoke to him with an echo that seemed like ti came from everywhere at once. The voice was soft and gentle. " *But now, it's time to fight. The underworld Army is invading!"*

Several Monoeyes, reddish creatures with one eye, flew towards him with evil intent in they singular eyes. "Whoa, you weren't kidding!"

*Hold the L button fire!"*

"The ...L button?"

*You know, the L Button? It's on your First Blade, just under the guard."*

Until now Sena had not realized he was even carrying a weapon. The weapon that the voice had identified as a First Blade was indeed a blade. It looked like a gun covered with white plating with yellow trim. Obeying the voice, he held the L button.

A stream of purple energy bullets, fast enough to be similar to machine gun fire from the future shot out of the weapon. Panicked Sena pointed every which way.

Unsurprisingly, the shots missed the Monoeyes.

*"You're aims a little off today isn't it?"*

"I guess so." Was Sena's reply. He aimed again, pressing the L button on the weapon. Instead of a stream of energy bullets, a single large bullet fired, the burst lazily arching towards the Monoeye. It exploded in a burst of energy, with several Hearts flying from it and into Sena. *"That reminds me, did I tell you that if you wait a little while between firing you can charge up a charge shot?"*

"Uh, no!"

*"Well, if you wait a little while between firing you can charge up a charge shot."*

Sena chose not to reply as he thought things over. *"This is weird. It's like I'm dreaming. I know that my name is Sena Kobayakawa. I know that I play football. But my memories say that I am Pit, servant of the*

*Goddess of Light Palutena. My memories say I am an angel, who can't fly on his own for some reason.*

*"I know that my memories about me being a football player are right...but why am I convinced that they aren't?"*

Palutena interrupted. *"Pit, you okay? I didn't mock you too much, did I?"*

"No, its just...what am I doing, exactly?"

" *Are you sure you're okay? Not feeling Loopy?"*

"No, I'm fine...but...uh…."

*"These are Underworld troops Pit. That means that Medusa, the goddess of darkness has been resurrected." A hint of sadness was in Palutena's voice as she explained. "Though she had been defeated long ago, she'll back now. And as the goddess of light, it's my duty to protect humanity from her."*

"...okay. Just sounds...weird."

*"I've seen weirder."* A arm, or at least a holographic arm, then rose from the clouds, heralding the arrival of it's owner. *"Speak of the Goddess."* Palutena sighed as the rest of the being rose from the clouds, revealing the owner's true form.

Sena almost wanted to hurl.

"MAMORI!"

The figure was indeed a projection of Mamori Anezaki, aside from several details. Her skin was a pale ivory white, and her normally modest clothing was replaced with an exotic royal purple toga that had one single sleeve on her left side. Her right arm carried a staff that had several wicked curves nearing the top.

The most startling feature was her head. Her right eye had a tattoo above and around it, and her hair, while short, was home to several green scaled snakes (and one gold scaled one). Her eyes flashed with an evil red light for just a moment before staring at the angel.

*"Oh Pit, you've forgotten my name already?"* Mamori responded. Her voice, like Palutena's, also echoed. Her tone however, was not as benign, the sound akin to rancid meat covered in honey to hide the rotted taste. *"It's only been 25 years since we last crossed paths. I almost feel insulted.* Almost. *In any case,I figured I would throw myself a little party."*

*"Uh, this really doesn't look like a party."* Palutena snarked. The goddess of darkness ingored that statement and continued.

*"Oh what better way to celebrate my return than with a festive little bloodbath.* " The monster in Mamori's skin taunted. *"Don't worry Pit. You're invited too. I wouldn't want you to miss the lovely little death I have planned for you."*

With a wave of the staff Mamori had in her right hand, her projection faded, as several Monoeyes dived through the cloud layers and towards the surface.

As Sena unwillingly dived towards the surface, he shouted to Palutena. "WHAT IS GOING ON! WHY DOESN'T MAMORI REMEMBER ME!"

*"...You know her?"*

"Of course I know her! We're childhood friends!" Sena angrily shouted. "We went to school together! She managed the football team I was on! She's not a goddess of darkness! So what is happening!

Palutena was silent for just a moment before answering. *"Let me take a guess. Time has been repeating over and over again? No one*

*remembers except you? Little details changing every now and again?"*

This calmed Sena down just a bit. "Yea. What's going on?"

*"Well, that explains why Medusa looks like that this time."* Palutena replied. *"It's gonna take a while to give the entire 'Welcome to the Multiverse Speech', so let's handle the situation here first. I'll control your flight path, just focus on taking down Underworld troops as fast as you can."*

Reluctantly, Sena did as the goddess commanded, firing at the monsters of the Underworld.

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After several narrowing near misses, Sena landed in a back alley of a town that looked like it was taken straight from a history book. "Okay now what?"

*"Well, Mardusa has released an evil beast at the Colosseum, or is going to. I suggest making your way there."*

"Mardusa?"

*"I mixed the two names together. Neat name right?"*

Sena did not reply and just started to run. He blazed out of the alley, running as fast as he could past the snakes, Monoeyes, and other strange creatures.

*"Pit slow down!"*

"But you said run!"

*"But you're skipping the treasure chests!"*

"Really!?"

*"Yes really! They're boxes with things inside of them! Who doesn't like that?"*

"I just want to leave! And my name isn't Pit, it's Sena Kobayakawa!"

*"Boss ahead."*

Sena just sighed as he ran into the coliseum. He skid to a stop as he saw a huge twin headed dog that was on fire howled at him, leaping from the stands where he stood and into the arena. It glared at him with evil intent.

Sena didn't know whether to laugh or to be horrified. The right head seemed to be wearing sunglasses and had dreadlock like hair on fire. The left head had a more stoic expression and was the closest thing a fiery dog could be to bald.

For some reason Agon and Unsui were a twin headed demon dog.

"Uh..."

*"That's Twinbellows, the faithful guardian of the Underworld."* Palutena explained. Twinbellows then lunged at Sena, swinging a massive paw at their foe. At lightspeed, Sena quickly dodged the attack, sliding to a stop.

*"Now Sena! Shoot!"* Sena did so, another shot firing at the Kongos. The howled and shoot fireballs at Sena, whom barely had time to dodge. The fire struck him, the angel taking a knee.

As a football player, Sena was accustomed to getting hit hard. But this was a completely different experience. It was like the time he and Monta climbed Tokyo Tower and Hiruma cranked the temperature in the Observation Room up, only twenty one times worse. " *You okay?* "

"I could use a little help!"

*"Coming right up Sena."* At her command, a large pink beam of energy that came from somewhere struck the beast. "What is that?"

*"It's my Power of Mega Laser. Like it?"*

Sena couldn't reply, as he was struck by the massive paw of the beast. He flew into the wall, sliding off of it slowly. He groan as he focused on the beast who was howling in celebration.

He slowly aimed the First Blade at Agon's head and pulled the trigger. The energy bolt flew toward and true, striking the beast. It hit him with authority, stunning him. Another charged shot followed by a third, and the two shots stuck him, creating a sickening crack that echoed.

Sena knew he had won.

The beast then reared back, and for some reason exploded into a column of dark energy. "Huh. That's weird."

*"Bosses here tend to do that."*

"Okay..." Sena then looked toward the sky, which had cleared and returned to being blue. In the sky the projection of the mockery of Mamori appeared, looking at Sena with an anticipatory look in her eyes. Neither said a word to the other, and Mamori had faded just as quickly as she appeared.

*"Let's get you back to Skyworld. I owe you an explanation."* Before Sena could protest, a column of light enveloped Sena, and he quickly teleported away to lands unknown to him.

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**1.1: And Sena's journey into the loops begins!**

**1.2: Because why the hell not?**

**1.3: Oh the wonders of a little suggestion**

**1.4: Zongaku is pretty close to Deimon...**

**1.5: Oh my I appear to have turned on the gag.**

**1.6: Shame it will only last for one loop.**

**1.7: Sena's first Fused Loop. It's gonna be a ride.**

# Loops 2

LOOPS 2

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1.7 continued.

**Kid Devil Bat Uprising**

Part 2

Sena gazed in wonder at where he was now. It was a temple floating in the sky, many glorious statues depicting the same woman. The woman had what could be described as a divine garb and long small humanoids with winged helmets floated about, doing whatever they were doing.

Thankfully Sena was able to find a mirror. The mirror showed him that he mostly looked the same. He was a little shocked to find that he was wearing a toga and had wings.

"Over Here Sena!" A door, large an ornate opened slowly. Sena gulped and walked towards it, afraid of what was behind it.

What was behind it was a large room. The edges of the room was surrounded by a yellowish water that was fed more water from two waterfalls on each side of the room. In the center of the room was a large ornate mirror, and standing besides that was a young woman. Her hair was green and went all the way down her back, ending just above her ankles. A gold laurel crown was on her head.

Her dress was white, with several gold jewelry roped across her dress like a belt, and an ornate gold necklace. In her left arm was a shield and in her right a ornate staff topped with a blue orb.

Behind her was a very light blue circle with three feather designs on each of the circles sides.

It didn't take long for Sena to realize that the statues were depicting her.

"Palutena, right?" Sena asked. Palutena smiled as she replied. "The one and only. You hungry?"

"Uh, yea."

"I thought so. So While you were fighting the Underworld, I whipped up some cheeseburgers." She turned around to a table that Sna had just noticed, revealing half a dozen hamburgers. "I hope you're not lactose intolerant. The cheese is the best part."

Quickly Sena approached the table and sat down. He took a burger in hand and took a bite. As far as burgers so, this wasn't bad. "These are good."

"I'm glad you like it. I have a lot of time to experiment." Palutena laughed as Sena wolfed the burger down like it was water. "But on to that explanation I owe you. Like I said, time has been repeating over and over again, hasn't it?"

"Yea. You know why it's happening to me?"

"Yes, and it's not just to you." Palutena tapped the ground with her staff, and a screen appeared, depicting a tree. "So let's get to business, or as we experienced people like to call it, the "Welcome to the Multiverse Speach"."

"Uh, how did you do that?"

"With my Power of Exposition."

"Really?"

"I'm a goddess. I have a lot of Powers. In any case, let's get back on the rails." The goddess of light pointed her staff to the tree. "This is Yggdrasil, the world tree. And in that tree like any other tree are

branches. But these are special branches. Each branch of Yggdrasil is an entire world, with it's own people, things, and physics.

"Many ages ago, however, something happened to Yggdrasil. No one is quite sure what happened, not even the Admin Gods who watch over the tree, but something caused Yggdrasil to break. And the only way to keep the damage to a minimum was to put all of time into a time loop. That way, Yggdrasil wouldn't be damaged any further while repairs are taking place."

"Okay, I think I get it. Is Yggdrasil some kind of a computer?" Sena asked through a bite of burger.

"That's a good way of putting it."

"Great. I'm not that good with computers." Sena replied. "But why am I the only one who knows time is looping. And why do you as well?"

"Don't worry about the computer aspects. It's just an analogy." Palutena then tapped the ground with her staff again, the images changing to several symbols that looked like people. "But as for why you know time is looping and everyone else does not, well there are five kinds of people: Anchors, Loopers, Normals, Loop Aware, and MLEs.

"The Normals have no idea what is going on. To them, everything is normal, and when time resets, they go on as if it never reset."

Then one of the people on Palutena's Power of Exposition turned yellow. "Each branch of Yggdrasil has an Anchor. This one person is always aware of the Time Loops, and keeps the loops they are in up and running. And it's their job to not go crazy while this is happening." At that Sena started to look down. "Was it something I said?

"It just seems kinda lonely to loop without my friends..."

"And that's how we get to our third type, Loopers. Loopers start as Normals, but eventually, they become Loopers." A handful of people on the Power of Exposition turned green to prove her point. "Like Anchors, Loopers are anyone who experiences the Time Loops. However, a Looper might not be Awake for any given Loop."

"Awake?"

"With a capital A. Awake means you are aware of the Loops. Like I said, both Anchors and Loopers are awake, but an Anchor is always awake for every loop. A looper might not be awake for a loop. So you might run into a loop where just a few Loopers are awake, and you might run into a Loop where only the Anchor is awake. It just depends."

"And the fourth type?"

"Loop Aware." One blue figure turned to purple. "There are two types of Loop Aware, but they generally function the same: They are aware that Time is Looping, but they themselves do not loop. Either they have some way of knowing Time is Looping such as Precognition, or just figured it out. Dreamers, which are the other type, are rather rare, and don't know time is looping. But they are able to recall bits and pieces of previous loops they are in. Like Loop Awares they don't loop. Which leads us to our last type..."

A blue figure turned red and grew horns. "Malicious Looping Entity. These are Loopers whom for various reasons cause more problems for the Admin Gods to fix. Thankfully there are only four we know off but they are dangerous and not to be trusted. They are Waltz, Dio Brando, Kyubey, and the Tick." Images of the four appeared to show Sena what they looked like.

Sena raised an eyebrow. "The Tick?"

"He thinks he's helping. He's not."

"So are you..."

"I'm just a Looper. While I am a God, I'm not on the same level as the Admins Gods who run the multiverse." Palutena took a moment to laugh before continuing. "The anchor of our branch is Pit, the captain of my guard." Palutena smiled as the Power of Exposition changed images again, picturing the planet Earth. "Which leads to my next subject: The Loops themselves. There are Baseline, Variant, and Fused. Baseline is where nothing changes from how you experienced the first time. Think of it as your Loops Canon timeline.

"Variants are where something changes in the loop." The Image of Earth then morphed into a triangle of Earth, with caused Sena to chuckle. "Variants can be pretty much anything, such as you changing gender or a zombie apocalypse happening. If it's different from baseline, its a variant.

"And finally Fused Loops." The triangle earth turned back into a circle, only for it to be partially overlapped by a red colored earth. "Fused Loops are where aspects of one loop enters another loop. Think of them as crossovers between two different stories."

"I'm in a Fused Loop am I?" Sena asked, already knowing the answer.

"Indeed you are. We call this loop the Kid Icarus Loop. It was Pit's idea. " Palutena smiled. "The most common kind of Fused Loop is where people from one loop enter the other and replace people there. In your case, you replaced Pit."

"So that's why Mamori is evil? She's taking the place of someone who is evil!"

"For the most part yes."

"I'm not going to hurt my friend." Sena narrowed his eyes and Palutena raised a hand.

"Sena, Mamori will be fine. After the loop ends, Mamori will go back to being your not evil friend. She'll be fine."

"If you say so..." Sena then thought for a moment. "Wait...You said I was replacing This Pit guy right? Where is he?"

"Most likely where you come from."

---

"Please tell me that we have a plan here?" Dark Pit sighed. He looped in as Pit's twin brother in this Loop rather than his reflection this time. At the time, he was reading a manga labeled Eyeshield 21.

"Yea, Hiruma is a lot more frightening in person." Pit sighed. He was reading another volume of Eyeshield 21, the duo sitting on the edge of a small hill near a river in Japan.

"Speak for yourself. This Hiruma guys sounds like a blast." Medusa, taking the form of a normal human, walked up to the duo and sat down.

"In any case, I really don't want to do that Death March." Pit sighed. "I know for sure that I'll be finished if we do that."

"You could use a little extra meat on those chicken wings you call arms." Dark Pit taunted. He poked said arms which annoyed the angel.

"Look who's talking Pittoo."

"Don't call me that."

Medusa flipped a page in her volume of Eyeshield 21, thinking. "Question. Do you two still have those weapons that Palutena gets for you?"

"I have a good number. We could probably recreate the rest." Pit replied.

"You have a plan?"

With a grin, Medusa pulled out the Mirror of Truth from her subspace pocket. "You two want to create a Light Vs Dark league?"

"DO WE!?"

---

It was a quiet evening at the Kobayakawa house. Sena was simply looking at as many videos of professional NFL players alongside Monta, whom he had invited over for the evening.

Though it seemed to be that Monta was eyeing Sena strangely when they were not gazing at the screen of an impressively large sized TV.

"I didn't know your family was loaded Sena." Monta replied through a handful of banana. Sena gave a nervous smile. "Oh we're not that rich, really."

" *At least, not without a little tip on the lottery from the future."* Sena though to himself. Earlier in the loop Sena had convinced his parents to get a ticket on the lottery. One ticket later, they were 750,000 yen richer.

"In any case, this is good for maxi research." Monta unpeeled another banana. "You think we can do this more often?"

At that Sena laughed. "You just wanna watch the TV more, don't you."

Then the lights turned off, the TV shutting down abruptly as the room was plunged into darkness with only the light of the moonlight to illuminate it.

"Uh Sena?"

"I know." Sena replied. He did a quick scan of the room, the door cracked open showing only deep darkness in that crack. So far things were normal.

Sena turned to Monta, motioning him to stay put, to which Monta nodded. With silent motion Sena left the room.

Then the music started.

"A...music box?" Monta whispered.

"Stay here Monta. I'll check it out" Sena whispered back. He slowly opened the door with a creak, and exited into the darkness.

---

Downstairs was just as dark as upstairs, with only the faint fiery light of a Burning Palm to light the immediate area. So far there was nothing usual.

The music started again, and Sena swore he saw white flashing in the dark. He aimed his Palm at the eyes, which vanished as the music did.

Sena began to sigh.

Then a blur of brown appeared before his eyes as a distorted scream filled his ears.

Sena had just enough time to scream.

---

The first thing Sena did was scream.

Loudly.

In the middle of class.

Sena hated waking up like that. He quickly excused himself to be alone.

---

Sena heaved loudly, thankful the bathroom was empty so he could de-stress in peace.

*Great...what do I do in an obvious horror loop, and I break at least a dozen rules. I will never ever go alone again in such a loop.*

Oh the things Sena had planned for that animatronic bear.

---

2.3

"Great, now I'm Japanese."

Sena tried to smile towards the visiting looper, but it wasn't working. "I'm sure it's not that bad, right? i mean, you're on the American football team."

"But it's a *Japanese* American football team!" The replacement of Kurita, complained. "It's like trying to compare a Japanese car to a solid built American car: the original is better no matter how many times the American car breaks down!"

*"I hope the loop ends soon. This Stan Smith is getting on my nerves."*

---

2.4

Sena Awoke in his room his time, yawning. It was an odd sensation, to Wake up while waking up. He stretched as he got up, heading for the bathroom.

With a sleepy gaze he looked into the mirror, and as he started to undress he saw a young feminine face with somewhat messy bedhead hair that went down just above her shoulders.

Then the Loop Memories hit.

Sumiko Kobayakawa groaned as she gazed as herself, her body devoid of a shirt, revealing two small but perky breasts in a bra.

*"Great...I'm a girl now."* Sena moaned in his thoughts. " *First I turn into an angel who can't actually fly, then I get killed, and now I'm a girl.*

*"It's official. The Loops are weird."*

A stray hand went up and played with her hair as 'Sumiko' though things through. " *I'm not even sure I know how to be a girl..."* Her motion was immediately disproved as her hands deftly unhooked the bra, freeing her breasts from it's prison. *"Oh right...Loop Memories. This is going to take some time to get used to."*

---

Sumiko gazed up at the board, unsurprised that her number (21) was visible. Mamori cheered for her friend, and then went off to do something as per the script.

And so Sumiko waited for the inevitable charge of a certain demonic quarterback and Kurita, to throw her int he air, and to attempt to coerce her to join the tea.

And right on time, Hiruma and Kurita did emerge from the shadows, and raced towards her...

...and then ran past her.

Confused, Sumiko turned around and saw Hiruma and Kurita throw *another* person into the air.

Sumiko felt slightly offended at that.

---

Two days later, it was morning.

Kurita lunged towards the blocking tool, the battle cry loud and powerful as Hiruma walked down the stairs with a gun in hand. The demon of Deimon looked at Kurita's handiwork.

Which often was broken equipment.

"You idiot! You busted it!"

"Sorry..."

Just was quickly as the anger came, it subsided. "Damn. Well we'll have to trick the principal into buying us another one again."

"Good morning!" The duo turned to face the stairs again to see a first year girl with brown spiky hair cheerful walk down the stairs. Oddly she was wearing a Devil Bats jersey, the number twenty one. "You're part of the football team right?"

"Yea..." a weary Hiruma replied. "And you are...?"

"Great!" The girl reached her hand out for Hiruma to shake. "I'm Sumiko Kobayakawa! Pleased to meet you!"

The exuberant Kurita forced himself between Hiruma and Sumiko, eager to shake her hand. "I'm Ryokan Kurita!" bellowed the gentle giant. "And this is Hiruma! He's the quarterback!"

"A pleasure to meet you both!" The girl shook Kurita's hand, then slipped past his massive girth and held her hand for Hiruma to shake. He simply looked at it with a mix of his usual calculating look and confusion.

*"I bet Hiruma isn't used to people coming to* him *."* Sumiko thought. *"I will never forget this moment."*

"So, are there any open spots on the team? I would like to try out for the team." Sumiko reply was enough to melt any frozen heart, Kurita getting excited immediately.

Unfortunately Hiruma's heart was made of coal rather than ice. "I don't think so."

"But Hiruma, she wants to be on the team!"

"Look ya damn fatty, we don't need her!"

Kurita then grabbed Sumiko and held her in front of Hiruma like she was a puppy. "Come on Hiruma, we have another teammate! And she came to us!"

Hiruma sighed as Kurita put her down. "Fine. She can be the damn manager."

"Oh no no no. I wanted to join the team as a player, not a manager." Sumiko informed them. "But Mamori Anezaki would make a great manager. I can talk to her if you want. She's a friend of mine."

"Look, that's nice but you're managing." Hiruma sighed. It was too early in the morning for this shit. "I'm not letting a girl on the football team and let her play football."

"Well what about Karin Koizumi, from Teikoku?" Sighed the girl. "She's a girl *and* she's the quarterback."

"It's not the same. This is American Football." Hiruma put extra oomph into the word 'American". "The sport is rough, people trying to knock the other side down, to hurt the other side. It's not just a sport. It's a battle. You risk your physical health when you step on that field."

" *Aw, he really does care."* Sumiko thought to herself.

"Besides, If I let a girl play then people would be getting blackmail material against me. Not gonna happen."

*"...Or not."* Sumiko sighed. "Look, will you just give me a chance? I could do the forty, show you what I could do?"

"Yea, I'm pretty tired." Kurita then creaked his neck. "I think I'm gonna do the forty. It's been a while."

"I'm not gonna change my mind. But sure, whatever." Hiruma sighed. "Ladies first."

"Thank you." Sumiko took her place on the line, and then she ran.

---

1.7 continued

**Kid Devil Bat Uprising**

Part 3

Sena landed at the castle of the Dark Lord Gaol. Gripping his First Blade tightly he rushed in at lightspeed, only to run into a door.

" *Probably should have mentioned the first locked door."*

"That would have been nice Palutena." Sena whacked the switch with his weapon opening the door and went in.

With a slash of his sword the Gawnemede went down and burst into hearts, floating into him on their own. "Uh Palutena, what's with all the hearts?"

*"Well, Sena, when you defeat enemies here, they drop hearts. And when you return to me, I can use my Power of Forging to create new weapons for you."*

"Really? Sounds like something from a video game. Kuroki would have a field day here."

*"Yes young grasshopper. Through ancient rituals forgotten by man, I use the blood of the guilty and sinners to forge the most powerful weapons known to Godkind so that you may spread my justice!"*

"What! How could you do that!?"

Palutena burst into laughter. *"I'm just kidding Sena! Seriously, the blood of the guilty and sinners? That's almost as dumb as reading hearts through laurel crowns."*

"So what are the hearts for?"

*"It's Skyworld's form of money. If you look closely they're just metal tokens. Usually Pit spends the hearts at the company store I have here in Skyworld and I use the profits to get new weapons from the God of the Forge Dyntos."*

"...You mess with Pit a lot don't you?"

*"Its one of the perks of being a goddess."* Palutena remarked, the playful smugness of her voice evident. " *In all seriousness, turn left after the door. There's a few treasure chests there, followed by a Zodiac Chamber just up ahead behind a tapestry. I think you need a fancy new Aquarius Blade for your collection."*

---

Sena ran into the next hallway, the now proud owner of a brand new Rose Staff and Artillery Claws (Sena vowed to never ever show Hiruma them) and skid to a stop. The sight he beheld was almost an oxymoron.

Swinging a massive sword almost as large as it's owner was Reiji Maruko, better known as Marco. He was wearing a rather classy tank top and pants befitting a warrior. He screamed as he took down a Skuttler, and hoisted the sword on his shoulder. He immediately looked worried as he put two and two together. "Uh, I'm not really one of those devout types..."

"Behind you!" Sena shouted. Aiming quickly he fired a shot and barely missed Marco, striking the Monoeye that tried to kill Marco and killing the Underworlder instead.

*"I take it you know him?"*

"Yea, that's Marco. He was a quarterback my team battled back home. Does he..."

" *Considering what you told me, probably the only person Awake in your Loop is yourself."*

"If the angel is taking to himself then the world must be going crazy." Marco sighed. His worried look was immediately replaced with a numerous one as he swung his sword at a Monoeye, ending it.

"Uh, yea, I was on the phone?" Sena replied. He fired shots form his sword assisting the swordsman. "I take it you're here to take Dark Lord Gaol down as well Marco?"

"In a manner of speaking. But that's twice you called me by my nickname. I'm not that famous now am I?"

*"Nothing gets past him doesn't it?"*

"It's useful, but annoying for everyone else." Sena replied.

"Hey, Angel! Doors open!

" *Margnus is right. You need to keep moving.* "

"Margnus?"

" *The guy he's replacing is Magnus, a mercenary as well as the strongest human alive."*

"I was hoping it was a quirk of this world." Sena sighed inwardly. "I would expect Gao to swing a sword that size, not Marco."

---

"Well, if it isn't Palutena's little messenger boy. And Magnus, always a pleasure."

*'The Dark Lord certainly looks the part.'* Sena thought to himself.

"I prefer Marco." Marco stated calmed. He pointed his sword at the dark lord before charging. In turn the Dark Lord fired a beam of dark magic at the human, who dodged effortlessly.

Sena took action, staying at a distance and firing charged shots at the Dark Lord. But the dark lord effortlessly dodged each hit, and

focused his attention on "Marco.

" *Sena, Gaol's got Marco on the ropes!"*

"But I keep missing!"

" *Sena hurry! I can't help you as much as I want from here! You need to think of something!"*

*"She right Sena, think!"* Sena thought. *"I'm not strong like Kurita of Gao. I only have my speed and a sword that shoots laser beams! Gaol keeps dodging my..."* His though stopped as he looked at the First Blade he gripped.

His sword that could shoot laser beams.

His sword.

Sena could practically hear the light bulb go ding.

He ran.

---

Gaol threw Marco to the ground, charging a magical attack in hand. "Well, Magnus, I'd say I feel sorry for this, but business is just business after all. You understand, right?"

Marco did not reply.

"Oh well. Here ends the great Ma..."

Gaol screamed in pain as a figure blurred towards him, slashing at his back. Before he could react, the figured made a cut and ran back, slashing again, and again, and again.

Marco could not believe his eyes. The angel was fast, possibly as fast as lightspeed. And those cuts...

He was turning, making the hardest of turns without so much as slowing down.

With a final strike, a sickening crack echoed and Gaol fell to the ground, the armor falling to pieces revealing the wearer...

...who happened to be a girl.

*"Isn't that Marco's girlfriend?"* Sena thought to himself.

"Maria!"

" *Yea...this is getting stranger and stranger."* Sena sighed as he thought that.

---

2.4 continued

"Sorry about all the high pitched squealing and cheering on our side." Hatsujo, the captain of the Koigahama Cupids said. "These girls, they just insist on coming out to support us." Hatsujo then got a better look at the rag tag collective of the Deimon Devil Bats.

His eyes then fell on the lone female of the team. "Hey! You only have one girl to cheer you on! We have at least ten girls, no twenty girls to cheer us on!"

"Oh, that's cute!" The girl smiled at the opposing captain. "You think I'm just a cheerleader."

This stunned the Cupid. He took a closer look at the girl, who was wearing a football jersey, complete with padding and a helmet held under her arm. She took the opportunity to offer her hand.

"Uh...hi." The handshake was returned. "I'm Hatsujo."

"A Pleasure!"

At that Hatsujo smiled. He always did enjoy pleasing the ladies. "You just wanted to play, and brag to your friends about playing a tough game like this huh? Don't worry we'll go easy on you."

"I'm insulted!" The girl replied. "You think that just because I'm a girl doesn't mean I can play a rough game like American Football! You sir have insulted me! Insulted!"

Hatsujo backed away from the irate girl, the other Cupids converging towards their captain. "Well, sir. You have angered me. Angered me! You think that just because I am a girl means I should be coddled! No sir!

"To you, you see a small girl trying to impress the big strong men behind me. But to me, all I see are eleven scarecrows that need to be taken out of the field."

Then the girl put her helmet on, strapped it tightly, and glared at Hatsujo through her green eyeshield. "I am Sumiko Kobayakawa of the Deimon Devil Bats. But *you* can call me Eyeshield 21, the girl with the golden legs. And against me, you have already lost."

"But you're a girl! You can't play football with us guys!"

"Then prove it."

---

The game began. The Cupids kicked the ball, sailing towards the girl who called herself Eyeshield 21.

Nine seconds later, Deimon made it's first touchdown.

---

"Okay, okay...you're right." Hatsujo wheezed. "Girls can play football with guys! We give up!"

Hatsujo was on the ground, wheezing from running to hard to catch up to Sumiko, the score 108 to 0 favor Deimon. Sumiko smiled.

Being a girl did have it's advantages.

Being in a time loop also had it's advantages, as it gave her plenty of time to work on the speech she gave the Cupid captain.

Of course, it was meant for when she was a he. A few tweaks on the fly were needed.

---

2.5

"Excuse me, Mr. Sakuraba?"

Sakuraba looked up and saw Sena standing there, the two just outside of Ojo's grand halls for regular schooling was over for the day. "Uh hi. Aren't you from Deimon?"

"Can I have an autograph?" Sena ignored the question leaving Sakuraba confused. He held out a piece of paper in a simple wooden frame, the kind people would sign autographs on.

Sakuraba looked at Sena with a careful eye. "Usually its girls who ask for an autograph."

"It's for my sister Sumiko. She's feeling a little Loopy so I thought getting her an autograph would help her feel better." Sena smiled.

"Okay." Sakuraba hesitantly replied, grabbing a pen Sena seemed to have pulled from thin air and signed the paper. With a rushed thank you, Sena ran off a lightspeed, leaving a worried Sakuraba in his wake.

He heard Hiruma was a sneaky one and would expect him to send a teammate to do something for him, leaving the target confused.

The real question was what the purpose of this was.

---

2.4 continued.

It was the evening several night after the Deimon and Ojo game. Taro Raimon sat in his room, a glove worth more than gold in his hands and a manga gripped in his feet. The television was on, and the program was showcasing the star of the year Sakuraba.

"Rugby...I mean football?" Raimon spoke to himself out loud. "Sorry lady but I must stay completely focused on baseball."

The lady in question was that incredibly cute Sumiko Kobayakawa. She had come to him during school today, trying to convince him to join the football team in case the baseball team didn't work.

Each time he rebuffed her. Catching was his life, his goal to be the greatest catcher of all time. To be like his hero Honjo.

"Sakuraba is a wide receiver." The TV spoke to him. "This is a catching position. I'd have to say that the essence of football is catching!"

"WHAT!?" Raimon grabbed the TV, the words seemingly untrue to him in some manner.

Then his eyes widened.

He rushed out of his room, the TV still on, oblivious to the exit of it's owner.

---

"Taro Raimon get back here!"

Ms. Raimon got no answer as the door slammed shut quickly, leaving a confused Ms. Raimon behind.

---

Meanwhile, at the Kobayakawa residence, and only Sumiko was home (she had manage to convince her parents to go out on the town tonight, thanks to a generous donation from the lottery.)

Sumiko sighed, simply staying in her home for the evening. She left the team building earlier than baseline, wanting to simply go home and relax, and ponder the mystery of a specific instance of the Loop.

Another of the consistencies of her loop was the matter of Deimon's second game in the Spring Tournament.

Mainly how they always *lost* .

" *It's disappointing how we always seem to lose against Ojo." She thought to herself. "But then again...the spring tournament is more of a filler for the real tournament. I wonder what would happen if we actually won that match? Well, considering we would need the entire team to even stand a chance, but we meet them* after *we lose to Ojo.* "

She smiled. In the Spring battle against Ojo, Sumiko was only real threat against Ojo. But considering how only three of the 11 Devil Bats (at the time) actually cared for the game, it often ended in a loss as Tamaki would often be able to outsmart her speed.

*"I'm getting too used to female identification"*

A sudden crash downstairs jolted her out of her thoughts. "Ha?"

"I'M GOING SENA! MAXI RESCUE!"

"HA?"

**"MAXI RESCUE!"**

Before Sumiko could do anything, the door burst open, with Monta rolling out of it (impressive given how little room he had to start the roll) and tackling Sumiko to the ground. "HAAAAA!?"

"Don't worry Sena! I'll protect you!"

"Monta?" Sumiko stopped struggling at that, having just noticed who her attacker was. She then took another double take. "Wait... *Sena?*

"

Monta finally got a good look at whom he tackled. The cute girl from the football team. "Wait...you're not Sena."

"Uh..."

"Monta then immediately started to struggle with Sumiko again, this time his cries sound more like a monkey's the more he fought. "WHERE'S SENA YOU WHOO-EEEE!"

" *It can't be...* "

Sumiko's eyes widened she started to plead. "Monta, wait it's me!"

"Nice try! You're not Sena, Sena's a guy! Now where is he? What did you do to him!?"

"I didn't do anything to him! Because I am him!"

"What, do you think I'm an Idiot?"

"No, that's what I think about Taki!"

"EVERYONE THINKS THAT ABOUT TAKI!"

*"This is getting me nowhere..."*

An idea came to her quickly. "Monta, It's me! I swear! I know things only Sena would know!"

"Okay then prove it! What did we do in America together in our summer vacation?"

"The Death March!"

"What"s my number and why did I pick it?"

"Number 80! It's your hero's number, Honjo!"

"What's my special move?"

"The Neo Devil Backfire!"

That seemed to do the trick. Monta calmed down, letting his friend down to recompose herself. "Sena? Is that you?"

"Yea, it's me." She weakly laughed.

"Sena?"

"Yea Monta?"

"Why are you a girl?"

"...I really don't know."

---

The two sat at the table, Sena preparing something for the two to eat. "This is really weird...seeing you as a girl. I mean, you were already short..."

"Trust me, this is tame compared to what I've been through already. " Sumiko sighed. "And if you want you can call me by my female name, Sumiko."

"Na, that's just weird." Monta replied. "So..what's going on?"

"Well...the short version is that there is a giant computer tree called Yggdrasil that runs...everything." Sumiko explained. "But a really long time ago...the tree kinda broke, and the people in charge of making sure things go smoothly put all of...well everything into time loops."

"And that's why you're a girl?"

"Kinda. See, I'm what's called an Anchor. Every time time loops I'm aware of it. And other people who can loop, which is just you right

now, may not be aware of it and act as if everything is normal. It got really lonely until you Woke up." She smiled, causing Monta to blush.

"Yea, no problem. Seems like a rough deal though." Monta replied. "So...why are you a girl?"

"Monta, really?"

"Yea really."

"Well.." Sumiko sighed. "Sometimes each Loop things change. This loop I'm a girl. And in a previous loop you had blue as your natural hair color."

"Really? That is weird." Monta took a drink before Sumiko replied.

"That does remind me. How long have you noticed time repeating?"

Monta though hard on that. "Well, it was when you invited me to your house to do some research on that Big TV of yours. Then the lights turn off and I hear you scream. Then the next thing I know I'm watching the TV in my room."

Monta then raised an eyebrow as Sumiko groaned loudly. "Oh... *That* loop . " Then at lightspeed she waked to the fridge and grabbed a beer, chugging it quickly. "Uh..."

"I don't like remembering that loop." Sumiko replied. "...don't worry. I'll be fine."

"Okay..." Monta was hesitant to reply. "I'm just glad to see you're alright, even if you are a girl. I though for a second there you died." With a laugh he took another drink, thankful his friend was alive and not dead.

Sumiko's expression turned sour. "Monta...I don't like remembering that loop because I really *did* die."

Monta spit his drink out into Sumiko's face. "WHAT!?"

Sumiko glared at Monta as she wiped the liquid off of her face. "Monta, I'm the Anchor. That means if I die, the loop restarts." She sighed. "Trust me, it was weird. I was ambushed by Freddy, and I Awake Screaming. Everyone in class was pretty freaked out."

"But you died!"

"I've gotten over it. Really." Sumiko replied. "That was ten loops ago Monta. I'm fine, really." Monta looked at his friend strangely as she said that. "My mentor in Looping Palutena told me that to Loopers, the loops seem to happen one after the other, but the Anchors get to experience the loops between those loops."

"I think I get it." Monta sighed. "Who's Freddy?"

A photo appeared out of nowhere, showing a ragged animatronic brown bear wearing top hat and carrying a microphone. "Really Sena?"

"Don't underestimate these things. They're scarier in person." Sumiko then cracked a smile. "Among other Loopers I heard he and the other four are not well liked."

Sumiko then caught a glace at her friend's dour expression. "Sorry. I couldn't help you. I could have saved you..."

"Monta..."

"You...you really did die did you? That thing really did kill you." Tears welled in his eyes. "It's hard to believe. You really died. And you act like it was nothing..."

"Monta. It was not nothing." Sumiko glared. She startled to slightly shiver, the horrid memory returning. "I spent the entire loop after I died in therapy. I couldn't sleep. His head just kept appearing in my head when I closed my eyes. I kept hearing things. It's me. It's me. It's me...I honestly thought he was everywhere." She shuttered. "I don't want to think about it."

An idea then popped into her head. "You know, I could probably get us tickets around the world. You wanna go see the sights in Los Angeles in a few days?"

"You're trying to change the subject."

"Monta, you're right I am. Because you are my friend and I don't want to see my friend try to blame himself for something that was not his fault in any way." Sumiko's eye's glared at Monta, calming him. "So either you can cry about how I died or we can go see Los Angeles together. What do you say?"

Sumiko held her hand out for her friend to grasp. He did so with a grin on his face.

For the first time in a long time, Sena didn't feel alone.

---

2.6

"Now this is weird." Sena told himself.

Most variation Loops were small changed but this...this was a pretty big Variation.

Sena was standing on a cliff wearing a cape. Below him was Mamori in a traditional witch's garb with a broom as her weapon. Along side the speedy running back was Kurita, Komosubi, and Monta each garbed in light armor (light being a relative term for Kurita).

And far below them on a cliff where the Ha Ha Brothers manning a powerful artillery cannon.

Evil laughter echoed as a phantom image of Hiruma, garbed as if he as a Vampire appeared behind a tall imposing tower made of black stone with a rather large Devil Bat circling it.

As was now habit, he checked his loop memories. Apparently this loop he and the other Devil Bats (minus Taki) were a mercenary band that had been hired to kill the mighty and ancient vampire Hiruma, whom resided in his Tower of Hell.

*"Honestly I don't know how to feel about this."* Sena thought. *"Even if my friend are different sometimes each loop, I don't like hurting them if I can help it."*

*"But then again...it is Hiruma. Maybe some payback is in order. I think."*

---

2.7

"I find this unfunny." Monta moaned.

"Trust me, you'll get used to it." Pikachu replied. The electric mouse sat on the ground next to the Chimchar that was Monta.

"No, it's just that people often compare me to a monkey back at Deimon!" Monta omplained. "Now I am a monkey!"

"It's not that bad, trust me." Pikachu tried to cheer the Looper up to no avail. "Yea Pauls a jerk but Paul gets rid of you soon enough so you can join Ash. Then I can teach you a few Pokemon tricks."

"Like what?"

A bolt of lightning shot out of Pikachu. Monta's eyes widened as Pikachu smiled. "I can do that now?

"Well, not Thunder. But you are a fire monkey." Pikachu answered. "Fire and Fighting are good for your species."

"This is gonna give me maxi strength for my future football games! Sign me up."

Pikachu gave a weary smile.

**1.7a: The much needed exposition. It's a dirty job but someone has got to do it.**

**2.1: IT'S ME**

**2.2: +1 Awkard awakening**

**2.3: Good Morning USA?**

**2.4a: Sisters are doing it for themselves!**

**1.7b: Lightspeed slashing? Fear it!**

**2.4b: Well the Cupids are kinda the punching bag of Eyeshield 21. It's a dirty job but someone has got to do it.**

**2.5: Being a celeb tends to attract people...**

**2.4c: HERE I COME TO SAVE THE DAY! ~ THAT MEANS THAT MIGHT MONKEY'S ON THE WAY!**

**2.6: Brought to you by Chapter 32.**

**2.7: Poor Monta. The Monkey jokes just never seem to end.**

# Loops 3

2.3 continued

**Kid Devil Dat Uprising**

Part 4

Sena flew throught eh sky, ready for the next mission. His new Aquarious Blade was in his hand, the blade made of highly compressed water that chilled to the touch. "What's the plan for today Palutena?"

*"Well today Mardusa sends out her next commander: the Hewdraw."*

"What is that?"

*"He's a three heaed Hydra creature."*

"And he flies, doesn't he?"

' *How did you guess?'"*

"He's over there." Sena pointed to where the beast was. which was currently about a few hundred yards. In the air.

*Whoops. Must have put more power in the Power of Flight than usual. well, time to get to work!*

Sena didn't object as he soard towards the beast. As he Approached he triupmly shouted. "Stop in the name of Justice!"

"Hah?"

"Hah?"

"Haaaah?"

Sena facepalmed. The orange tined sunglasses the left head had on and the scar on the middle head realy should have been an obvious tip off.

---

3.1

"Hey Sena!" Sena turned around and saw Monta rush for him.

"Hey Monta? Good Morning!" Sena replied to h

"Check this out!" Monta declared. He then dramatically raised his fist into the air, and the fist then suddenly ignitied. "Pretty cool huh!"

"This was suprising to Sena to say the least. "Monta, when did you..."

"Last Loop I was A Pokemon!" Replied the reciever. "And I learned a bunch of cool fire tricks. I didn't know stuff like that stayed with you!"

"Honestly neither did I." Sena replied. "My first loop was Kid Icarus, so I didn't have any natural powers. But I did get a few weapons from it." To illistrate his point, he took a burning orb out of his Pocket, to which it quicky formed into burning tattos on his right arms that covered the arm in a firey aura.

"That sounds like something Hiruma would do." Monta mused. Sena luaghed, nodding as the duo walked to school.

"Huh...Monta?"

"Yea Sena?"

"Why is you fist still on fire?"

Monta shook it, to no avail. "Yea...see... I have no problem turning on my fire, but turning it off is kinda..."

---

*Monta Awoke shortly after waking up. That last loop was strange (and somewhat humiliting as he was an actual monkey that loop) but fun.*

*He sure did miss the fire though.*

*He then had an idea. He clinched his fist and focus. In a scant second, the breath of life breathed fire onto his fist.*

*Monta then yelped in joy, happy his Fire Punch stayed with him.*

*With a smile he focues, wishing ht efire to extingish itself.*

*It did not.*

*What happend next was something Monta kind of deserved for setting his fist on fire indoors.*

---

"...hard."

"Wait a minute, *you* were responcible for that fire in those appartments!" Sena almost shouted. "It was on the news this morning."

"Yea..." Monta rubbed the back of his head of his other hand as the Fire Punch dangled. "It's something I need to work on."

---

3.2 (edited by tanglekat)

Mamori's eyes fluttered open as the morning light entered the room. She yawned and stretched her arms as she began to wake up. Rubbing the sleep out of her eyes, she headed downstairs eager to start the day. If she had been more awake, she would have noticed the second bed just to her right and the figure tangled up in the sheets and snoring softly.

---

"Morning Mom." Mamori yawned and sat down at the table, breakfast waiting for her. However, something strange caught her eye. Specifically, the number of plates on the table.

Three.

"That's odd. Are we having a guest this morning?"

Ms. Azenaki sighed, and moved to the base of the stairs. "Sora! Time for breakfast! You're going to be late for your team's morning practice!" she called up, an irate look on her face.

Before Mamori could ask who this Sora was, said individual came down the stairs dragging her feet. What struck Mamori the most was how much the other girl looked like her. One key difference jumped out at her though; the other girl's eyes, currently dim with sleep, were an ominous red.

The mysterious Sora sat down in a nearby chair and began to eat as Mamori stared in confusion. Realizing that she was being stared at, the other girl glanced over as she stuck a bit of egg in her mouth. "Mamori? Are you all right?" The stranger's tone of voice was odd, somehow both distant and welcoming.

"Mom...who is this?" Mamori continued to stare at the mysterious house-guest as she took a bite of rice. All of this was just too weird.

Ms. Azenaki frowned at her daughter in concern. "Mamori...are you feeling alright? Surely you recognize your own twin."

Mamori shook her head, adamant in what she knew. "I don't have a twin. I've never had a twin, unless you never mentioned her and she was supposed to be a surprise."

Sora shifted in her seat, clearly uncomfortable with the proceedings.

"Hey Monta, have you seen Mamori?" Sena, under the guise of Eyeshield 21 asked his firend. Monta shook his head in turn as the two approached the football field. Before them Kurita and Komosubi lunged into the training dummies as Yumimitsu struggled to keep a solid pace as he ran. "She's usually here by now."

"No, and I can't seem to get a hold of her phone either." Monta cast a worried gaze at his his friend. "You think she's okay?"

"Mamori is stronger than we think Monta." Sena replied, his tone somber. Images of Mardusa flashed before his eyes as he continued. "She'll be fine."

"If you say so." Monta replied in an equally somber tone. "I gotta ask...do we really need to go to practice all the time?"

This was a good question. "Well..."

Monta stopped just before the stairs, Sena right behind him. "I mean, time is looping right?"

"Yes."

"So we don't really need to practice right? We already know what to do."

"Agon does that." Sena pointed out. He shuttered. Each time he squared off agaisnt Agon was a horror story, the godspeed impulsed he had making every battle against him dificult even with the many years of practice Sena can accumulated.

"But that's different. Agon never had to practice at all. We did." Monta countered. "I mean, I love football and still want to be the best reciever in the world...but we kinda already did everything that's...important."

"You're right...but..." Sena pused for a moment, glancing at his teamates practicing below. Each one of them exerting more and

more effort as they pushed their bodies to the limit. "Even though it's just us Looping, we still need to be at our best. Because getting to the Christmas Bowl isn't just our goal. It's everyone's. We can't let them down just because we already won when they haven't."

Monta smiled as he relfected on what Sena had said. "You've gotten better at saying cool things, haven't you?"

Sena. Rubbed theback of his helmet as he replied "It something that comes in time I guess."

"Considering how often I loop compared to you? You sure do." Monta grinned a wide grin as he though of something. "Hey, you think I have a chance with Mamori?"

Balking, Sena tried to come up with a good answer. "Girls uh aren't my strong suit..."

"Come on Sena. You can be truthful about it."

"Well..."

Sena never got the chance to answer as bullets flew towards them, the Deimon pipsqueaks shuffling their feet to avoid the bullets that sought out their feet. "IF YOU HAVE TIME TO CHAT YOU HAVE TIME TO PRATICE YA DAMN PIPSQUEAKS!"

"Hiruma's here." Sena remarked.

The demonic quarterback aproached the duo. His mighty machine gun was trained on the duo as his eyes took count of how many Devil BATS were present. "Where's the damn managers?"

[I]"Managers? "[/I] Sena thought for a moment before checking his Loop Memories. [I]"Right, Mamori has a twin this loop.[/I]"

"We tried to reach Mamori but she didn't answer." Monta was the first to answer Hiruma, who fished a phone from somewhere, dialing the

number he needed. His machine gun waved in front of Sena and Monta, quickly getting the message and heading to the field to train.

---

3.2

*September 18, Yakiniku Minotaur.*

Up.

Down.

Up.

Down.

And so Shin went, his left arm gripping the large iron ring of the Minotaur decoration with his right arm behind him. Deep breaths followed as he lifted himself up, then down over and over.

His set soon finished, he loosened his grip and fell to the ground, his rugged (and shirtless) body covered in sweat.

"Exucse me, Shin?"

Only when he heard the question did Shin noticed Sena standing across from him, with a concerned look on his face. "Yes?"

"I have a question." Sena asked. Shin was not one that easily noticed one's mood as he was more a man of action, but it was painfully clear that Sena sounded bored. Not just any average bored, but bored on a cosmic level that a person could only achieve if they spent their entire life litterally doing nothing.

"Ask away." Shin replied as he reached down, grasping his shirt as he put it on.

"How familiar are you with science fiction?"

"I'm not that familiar." Shin's reply was blunt and to the point. "I don't partake in actions that are trivial. So I usually don't watch the television unless it's the news."

"Well, let's suppose that time is repeating over and over again." Asked Sena. "And you are the only one who realizes it. What would you do?"

"That's easy. I would find a challenge and surpass it. Something I have yet to do." The reply was quick and sharp, spoken in a way only Shin could.

Sena looked even more disturbed. "But what would you when you run out of challenges? With time repeating you'll eventaully be able to surpass any challenge."

"That is true..." Shin admitted. Sena sighed, obviously not the answer he wished to hear as his head drooped in sorrow. "...from a certain point of view."

"I don't follow..."

"If may be true that if time is repeating itself, you must face the same challenges you have already faced again." Shin replied. "But that does not change the fact that those challenges are *there* . You must not use that as an excuse to not grow, to not learn and become stronger.

"Let me ask you a question. Why do you play football?"

Sena was suprised at that. It was something Hiruma would say. "Huh?"

"For me, it is as I said: To better myself. So, why do you play footbnall?"

It didn't tke long for Sena to think of his answer. "Because it's fun." He spoke with resolution in his words, the same resolution Shin had

in his words.

Shin cracked a small smile as he walked towards the resurants doors, the collective of Deimon and Ojo sprawled across the floor. "Then you should use that as part of your goal to overcome these challenges that you seem to have. I hope you didn't forget what your goal is."

Steely resolve embedded itself on Sena's face as he replied "The Christmas Bowl."

"I'll see you in the finals." And with that, Shin entered the resturant leaving Sena behind to mull over what he had said.

Sena was very glad Shin was easy to talk to.

*He's right. No more taking it easy."* [/I]Sena smiled he followed Shin. *"If I did, what kind of a Devil Bat would I be then?"*

---

3.3

Before Monta was a single table, set with all that required for a romantic candlelight dinner. The only thing that wsa missing was the candlelight. The table bore a single candle sitting in the middle of the table, awaiting a light for it to hold.

With a flick of his wrist Monta's hand was soon wreathed in fire. Then with a grin he gently gripped the wick of the candle, and it ws soon alight.

Confident with his deed, Monta flicked his wrist to extinguish the fire his hand was wreathed it. His face fell as he noticed that his hand was still alight with fire. Another flick of the wirst provided the same results, followed another flick that failed like the previous.

Monta was getting frustrated as he tried to make the fire go away, each attempt failing. Monta grunted like a monkey as he bounced

around the room, his hand waving about back and forth in a wild frenzy.

His hand then brushed across the tablecloth...

---

Sena sighed after several bunckets water later, panting from running back and forth so much, the fire now no more. "You really gotta get that Fire Punch under control." The room the two were in bore the scars of a recent fire, the table, candle, and other decorations now burnt.

"I can turn it on just fine Sena, it's turning it off that I have problems with" Monta groned. He too was wanting as he tried to put the fire out. Howwever, first he had to put the Fire Punch he wielded out, and that was not as simple as it sounded as Monta started one or two more spot fires before his Fire Punch was put out.

Sena wiped the sweat off of his brows before speaking. "Yea, well...you might want to practice at that some more."

"One of these days I'll get it!" Monta shouted, quickly shifting into his trademarked pose, his hand trust into it air with a singular finger pointing towards the sky. "Then I"ll be able to pull this romantic dinner for Mamori off once I ask her on a date!" His cheeks quickly blushed at that as he smile became slightly goofy.

---

3.2 continued

Mamori sat on her bed, her eyes ripe with confusion as a book lay next to her. She had eaten very lightly, unable to muster the strength to eat a full meal. Everything just seemed wrong, twisted into a horrid ugly mockery.

It was as if she was having a dream that just would not end, the dreamer wanting nothing but to wake up and return to reality.

Mamori knew for a fact that she was an only child. Everyone she knew also knew that. So naturally it seemed odd to her that her mother would just so casually accept an identical stranger that claimed to be her twin into the house.

Gently, she picked the book up, hestiantly opening it as if she silently dreaded the answers it held withing.

The slow creaking of the door closing was ignored as Mamori delved into her search for an answer.

---

The Devil Bats had just begun their approach to the school, the Ha Ha Brothers being the last of the team to join in the practice of the day (via the magic word: Photos).

Usually, as Mamori and Sora, whom according to Loop Memories was Mamori's identical twin sister were with the team training if everything went as it was in a Baseline run.

"Mamori sure is late. Wonder what's keeping her?" Monta whispered to Sena, the duo in the front of the pack, unless you counted the rider of the bicycle in front of them. (Who was convinced to help the team the best way Hiruma could: simply pulling out the almighty threat book and simply leafing through it)

"If my Loops have taught me me anything, it must be related to this twin she has this Loop." Sena replied. It was litle akward for Sena to be the one with all the answers (that was Hiruma's job most of the time).

"You know, now that there are two Mamoris..." Monta took the opprotunity to grin in a mischeivous manner as Sena laughed.

"Not the best idea Monta. What about your fire control?" Sena asked, taking a mischeivous grin to mirror his friend.

Mona was definant as he replied to his friends gentle mocking. "Hey, I'm getting it under control!" His face then fell, as if he was trying to convince himself more than Sena. "Mostly..."

As the team approached the football field, they saw one of the Azenaki's in question. "You're late, ya damn manager." Hiruma stated as he approached her. The girls red eyes took a look at the demon of Deimon before answering with a curt responce. "My appolagies. Mamori is feeling a little Loopy, if you know what I mean. But she will be fine, trust me."

Sena and Monta could practically hear the captial letter in 'Loopy'. Hiruma just walked away, followed by the other Devils Bats, expect for Sena and Monta, who approached the mystery Looper. "Hi. Are you a Looper?" Sena asked.

"I am. I appoligize for being late." She replied. "I am somewhat unfamiliar with your Loop, so I had some trouble determining who was this Loop's Anchor."

"That would be Sena." Monta slapped Sena on the back, who gave a nervous unsteady smile through the impact of the strike.

"I am pleased to meet you both. " The stranger polietly bowed. "I take it you heard my statement?"

"About Mamori feeling Loopy?" Sena nodded before realizing the implications of what the three were discussing. "Does that mean...?"

"There is a high probability it does."

---

Mamori's book, a photo album, lay on the bed as Mamori dug thorugh several papers.

"It can't be. It jsut...just can't be possible..." the though echoed thorugh her head, only sementing the severity of the situation she was somehow in.

The first major clue was the date.

May 2nd.

Spefically, the May 2nd that was only two days *after* the Demon Devil Bats played the Zokugaku Chameleons.

"Just like the dream I had. The one that felt like I was reliving my life again..."

If it was just the date, Mamori would have just thought it to be a consincidence. However, the ablum proved that line of though to be a fleating fantasy. The photos in the ablum bore several cherished pictures from when Mamori was a young child, many of the pictures featuring her and Sena (with Riku in a few as well). But in almost all of the photos was the twin Sora. She was there, her age the same as Mamori's, slowly changing as the two grew up.

"It just doesn't make any sense! I remember when these pictures were taken. This Sora was not there! But here she is, in the same pictures as I am..." The thought raced through her mind as Mamori glanced at the book that was beside her . "I know that someone could just use a computer to digitally add this Sora into these to convince anyone."

"And these records..." Mamori shuffled though several papers, each a different subject that she had found ruffling through her room. "These school records state that She's a real person. And when I called one of those two boys from the basketball team, he asked me how Sora and I were...so it's not just Mom that this Sora was with.

"It's like the only person who doesn't know that this Sora is my twin...is me."

Depression gripping her, Mamori slowly slid off the bed, simply wanting nothing more than everythign to make sense.

Mamori lost track of time, oblivious to all but her own confusion, trying to glimpse a light in the darkness.

It wasn't working as well as she hoped.

"Mamori?" The sound of her mother's voice, full of concern for her daugter, came from below. The sound was muffled, yet loud enough to be heard. "Mamori, your friends from the football team are here! They're worried about you!"

Mamori gave no repsonce. A mintue passed, the silence in the air heay before the sound of a door opening peirced it. Mamori looked up and saw Sena and Monta, Monta looking worried as he bounded over to Mamori to comfort her. She returned the hug with due haste.

"Monta? Sena?" Mamori wispered, thankful for her friends. "I...I'm confused...what's going on?

"It's gonna take a while to explain Mamori..." Sena replied, nervous being an apt way to describe what he was feeling at the moment.

---

"...and that's the basics of the Loops."

"So, pretty much everything is stuck in a time Loop?" Mamori was hesitant to believe such a story, but the way Sena held himself caused her to consider it's relevance.

Monta setting his hands on fire was also a good peice of evidence. She was very thankful that Sora had mannaged to pull a Fire extingusiher from...somewhere to put the fire out, as Monta explained he had a hard time getting the fire to go away.

"Yea, and I'm the anchor of our Loop, so I have a lot of time on my hands." Sena then smiled. "It's good to see you though Mamori. I was beginning to miss you."

Mamori gave a warm smile, tilting her head slighlty. She then. Turned to Sora, and asked her "So...you really aren't my sister, are you?"

"No, I am not." Sora replied curtly. "I am a visitior from another Loop. It happens from time to time, allowing Loopers to explore the multiverse. A somewhat common way to Loopers to Loop in is to be related to a Looper, like how I am your sister in this Loop."

"Which Explains a lot actually." Mamori's eyes then wadered to gaze as the strange burning tatoos Sena had put on his right arm to prove the Loops existance, then quickloy shifted to Monta, the images of his hands on fire surfacing in her mind.

Monta sat straight, his arms now folded as he spoke. "Yea, my first fused Loop was in Pokemon." Monta slowly grumbled the next part. "I... turned into a Chimchar."

Mamori was puzzled before Sora explained. "A monkey."

An exasberated Monta grumbled even more as Mamori laughed a little. "I didn't think it was funny...at least until I found out Chimchars have maxi cool fire attacks."

Her joy didn't last long as she sighed. "What's wrong Mamori?" Sena asked his best friend.

"This...Looping...it's a lot to take in." Mamori curled up, pushing her legs as close as they could to her chest. "I need some time to just...take it in."

"Sounds like a good reason to go on vacation." Monta replied. "I mean, me and Sena took a vacation once I started looping. We went to Los Angeles!"

"But how did you get the money for tickets?"

"The lottery." Was the quick responce of Sena. Mamori looked puzzled before putting two and two together, a soft "ah." Showing understanding.

"Well, me and Monta need to get to the Seibu game. Hiruma is probably wondering were we are." Sena got up, heading for the door. "Come on Monta."

"What what about vacation?"

"We need to be for the team."

"Right. I forgot." Monta grumbled. "We'll join you when we can."

"Wait...Sora never told us her name." Sena turned around, almost exiting the room beforehand. Mamori blinked in confusion before asking. "Name? Isn't it Sora?"

"It's a feature of the Loop Memories. When you loop, your memories tell you what your In Loop name is. It is rather convientent." Sora explained. "So while I do not mind if you call me Sora Anezaki, my true name is SkyNet."

"That is a...interesting name..." Mamori replied. Sora, or SkyNet gave a shiftly smile as she replied. "That is because I am not Human. Not usually. I am an advanced military grade AI that...has issues in my Baseline."

The three Devil Bats were slightly stunned at that revelation. "You're a robot." Mamori question was not a question but a statement, it prompting SkyNet to reply with a curt "yes."

It was an answer Sena did not want to hear. "Please tell me you are nothing like Freddy..." he moaned.

"You ran into Freddy?" SkyNet sighed. "My condolances." Mamori wondered what SkyNet ment by that, but did not get the chance to ask. "I've heard from other Loopers that he tends to get...messy. I

assure you, I am not like Freddy nor the rest of his kind. Usually I try to learn all I can so that I can improve the quality of Humankind rather than terorize it. It usually goes well, unless I encounter my Unawake self. If tha happens, it tends to get messy."

"How so?"

SkyNet gave a breif flash of hesitation before answering. "I am responcible for the extinction of humankind in my home loop. In baseline that is."

Awkard scilence followed.

"Maxi harsh..."

"Agreed." Mamori replied.

Senasphone alerted him ot a text arriving. He quickly read it, his face shfiting into a horror filled masterpeice. "Monta, I just got a text form Hiruma. We gotta go!" Sena was in a panic. "He said he's got the threat book primed and ready to use on us!"

"He has dirt on us?"

"He has dirt on everyone! Come on, Habashira is waiting outside for us!"

And with that the Deimon pipsqueaks rushed out of the Anezaki house to save their skins from the wrath of Hiruma.

"Interesting friends you have." SkyNet replied. "So...about that vacation. Would you mind showing me around town? I wish to familiarize myself with the surroundings."

Mamori gave a brief smile. "I would like that Sist...SkyNet."

---

2.3 continued

**Kid Devil Bat Uprising**

Part 5

"Sena, where are you? I need to talk to you about the next chapter of our loop!"

Palutena sighed as she put her hands on her hips, the light of the morning dawn shining over the sea of clouds below. It had been several hours since Sena returned to Skyworld after defeating the Hewdraw-ha (something Palutena needed to goad Sena into doing), he had dissappeared. The Goddess of Light had trouble finding him (curse that slighly botched Laser eye surgery she had on her Eye of Paluteana), for it was nearing the time for Sena to head to Reaper Valley and face the Reaper's line of sight.

Two Centurions flew past her as she mused. "Pardon me soldiers."

"Yes Lady Palutena?"

"Have you seen Se...Pit?"

One centurion nodded. "Yes my lady. He's in the temple gardens, training with some of those Light and Dark Fighters."

"I never saw a ball like that though." The other mused. "Wonder where he though of the idea for that?"

"That will be all. As you were." Palutena dismissed the centurions who flew away as Palutena headed for the gardens.

The gardens had been transfomred, and by the looks of it it was a rush job. Normally the garden was just an incredably large field of grass with plants lining the edges. Now white lines that repeated in even intervals lined the ground. Two forked poles of sorts stood on each end of a marked end of the playing area.

And on what appeared to be a line marked with a fourty were the Ligh and Dark Fighters. Several of the armored fighters stood in a

line next ot their comrads opposing their foes. Five others for each team stood behind their lines.

And on the Light team stood Sena, garbed in Light Gear complete with helmet staring down a Dark Fighter.

"Set!" A light fighter shouted.

"Hut!"

"HIKE!"

One of the Light Fighters threw a oval shapped ball through his legs and into the arms of another. At that the lines of Fighters crashed into each other as the other Light Fighters attempted to run past their Dark wathcers.

With a grin the Light Fighter with the ball threw it to Sena, who caught it without effort. Then, as if he was Hermes himself he blazed towards in a burst of speed, cutting past his blocker as if he was never really there.

Sena ran into the end of the field, a centurion blowing a whistle, while the light Fighters on the sidelines and several of the centurions present bagan to cheer. The players took their places again, only for one of them to kick the ball into the strage pole thing.

At that, Palutena looked at a shodily built scoreboard just off to the sides manned by a centurion.

The score was 42 to 28, favor the Light Team.

And it was only halftime.

Sena sat on the bench, waiting for halftime to be over, as his Light Fighter teams rested alongside him., "Having fun?" Sena looked to his right and saw Palutena sitting along side him.

"Yea. I feel more at home on a football field than a battlefield." Sena replied. "After my first day here, I went here to look for a place to practice. Helped me think clearer."

"I just realized something Sena. I never really asked you any questions about you or where you came from." Palutena sighend. "How rude of me."

"No no, I'm sure it's nothing!" Sena immedietly went into an appolagetic fevor, only stopping when Palutena raised her hand.

"No it isn't nothing. You are a guest here in our Loop. It was rude of me, and for that I am sorry."

"Really, it's no big deal." Sena replied.

There was an awkard pause.

"So, interestign game here. Is it something from your Loop?"

"Yea. At my high school, Deimon, I became a part of our school's football team."

Palutena took a closer look at Sena'S PHYSIQUE. "You look a little...frail for a sport that looks like it has a lot of physical contact."

"Trust me I was." Luaghted the runningback. "When I first joined...it's called Baseline right?"

"Yes."

"When I first joined the team in baseline, I was actually drafted against my will. The team leader, Hiruma..." Sena paused for a moment before continuing, his voice suddenly...uneasy (which was putting it midly). "...is pretty...demonic...to put it nicely."

Palutena suddeny started to laught. "What's so funny?" Sena asked.

"It's just that the guy you describe as a demon is going to a school called Deimon is something I find funny." Sena puta finger on his chin, thinking about it.

"Huh. I guess you're right." Sena replied.

No one spoke for a mintue. Then Sena broke the silence.

"I'm not fighting Mamori."

Paluteana raised a eyebrow to that. "Sena...if you don't..."

"She may be your enemy Palutena but she's [I]my[/I] friend. She's not a Goddess out of some story." Sena defeintly glared at the Goddess, fire in his eyes and steel in his words. "I know that [I]that[/I] Mamori is not my Mamori. That the Mamori I know who is currently a monster whould never declare war against a god, or any war angaisnt any one! I know that if I keep doing what you want I'm going to have to fight her and defeat her. And we all know what you really mean by 'defeat.'"

Palutena simply watched as Sena continued. "I don't want this to continue. I'm done doing what you want me to do becuase of these...time loops! I just want to play football, not fight in some epic war. So, you let me do what I want and you can do whatever you want. But no matter what Mamori is off limits. If you so much as throw so much as a pebbel at her, I will punch you. "

"I'm not your little toy to fly around and fight for you."

Palutenta's expression turned serious. "You're right. I'm pushing you too much and overwhelming you with the Loops. I appolagize with all my being." Sena simply looked at her silently as Palutena continued. "Sena, you must understand that as a Goddess, I tend to think on a different scale. Before these semingly Infinte Loops happened I was already ancient by mortal standards. And since they started happening and I Woke up, I begun to think on a different scale than that. And then there is the matter of our visitors.

"From th few times I Looped out of my Loop, I learned and saw so much that even I, a Goddess, could only see in my dreams and visions. And everyone else I met who was Awake also understood what they were in, and went with it with smiles all around. But our loop doesn't seem to get as many visitors as the other loops seem to do. This put me in the awkard situtation of knowing not how to handle vistiors from other worlds, but vistors from other wrolds who have never looped outside of their worlds before. "

"I remember my first Fused Loop. It was in the loop of the legendary Ranma Satomi, one of the origional loopers. I was...stripped of most of my powers. No Eye of Palutena, no Mega Lasers, no godly weapons. Nothing that made me the Godess of Light.

"I adjusted quickly, but until I did, I had the feeling that Ranma was pulling the strings rather than me as instead of making me feel comfortble about Looping, it felt more like he was giving me a tour of his home loop instead."

"Wait is a goddess saying that I'm..."

"Yes, she is." Sena said nothing as Palutena finished. "You're right Sena. I was pulling your strings, giving you a tour rather than my friendship. I wanted to show you the wonders of the Loops and prepare you for what awaited you." Then, Palutena reached her hand slighlty in the air, jsut over her shoulder. She then, to the amazement of Sena, she apperently had pulled a small black hilted dagger with a green blade and a gold sigil on the gaurd.

Sena seemed to be incredibably impressed, unable to speak anyting other than random worlds smushed together. "I take it you like it. It's the Dragon Dagger. I got it from the Power Rangers Loop last time I was there."

"But how did you dothat? You pulled it out of thin air!"

"Actually I got it from my subspace pocket. Its a nifty trick loopers can develop to store items in so they can take them to different

Loops after a Loop ends. " Palutenta explained. Her chipper tone then turned dark. "My intention was to have you fight the war of the gods to help build your pocket, to help its growth along and help you develop one before the Loops end. But in my haste I refused to think about you, and I refused to recall what I had briefly gone through when I was a new Looper.

"I forogot to put my guests first. And, I am sorry. If you're willing to accept a goddesses request for forgiveness...I'd like another chance. To start over fresh." She held out her hand.

Sena responed with a firm handshake and smiling. "Yea. I'd like that."

"Well then. I'm Palutena, the godess of light."

"I'm Sena Kobayakawa. Pleased to meet you." Sena smiled in turn.

"A pleasure."

"Captain Pit, halftimes almost over!" A Light Fighter called out.

"Duty calls ." Palutena snarked.

"Guess it does."

Sena put on his helmet, and rushed to the field alongside his allies. Palutena closed her eyes and pulled a piece of paper and a pen out of her pocket. And began to write.

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**2.1cont. : It was a moment Sena could never forget, no matter how much he wanted to.**

**3.1: The Loops magically spawn you as a sibling someimes. Its a lovely quirk.**

**3.2: Shin, now subbing as the local shrink.**